Facts and fun — see 'It's A Record' inside!

TV COMIC

8P

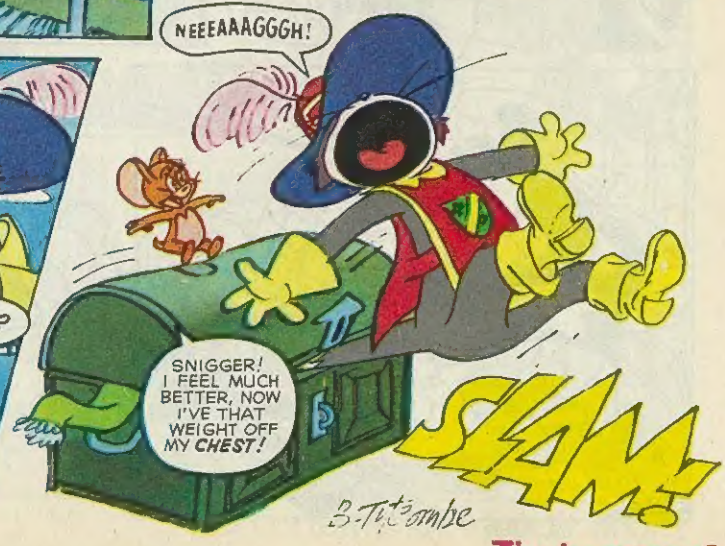
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday

Week ending 1st February, 1975

Number 1207

TOM and JERRY



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Tip to page 2

BUT...
GRRR! C'MERE, JERRY! I'M GONNA RUN YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH!
G-GULP! I GET YOUR POINT, TOM.
YOU'RE CORNERED, RODENT!
I'M NOT BEATEN YET!
TOUCHE! HUH?
GAAH! MISSED! NOW MY SWORD'S STUCK!
I RECKON IT'S TIME FOR ME TO PULL OUT, TOO!
SUDDENLY..
OOOPS... EH?
OH,NO... OOOMPH!
LUCKILY FOR ME, THAT SWORD SERVED A DUEL PURPOSE... HUH!
WITH LUCK, SOMETHING ELSE SHOULD, TOO!
I MIGHT ONLY BE A FEATHER-WEIGHT, BUT IT'S TIME TOM TOOK A TIP AND LEFT ME ALONE.
JAB!
YEEEAAAGH!
CRASH!
BANG!
WHAT'S ALL THIS NOISE ABOUT..? SHRIEEEK!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO MESS ABOUT—I WANT THIS LOT TIDY, OR ELSE!
Y-YES, MAID... OUCH!
HOWWL! SOB! I ALWAYS COME OFF WORST! SOB!
TUT! TUT! JUST HARK AT TOM—I SUPPOSE THEY'RE WHAT YOU'D CALL MUS-CAT-TEARS! SNIGGER!

Next week: a rock star riot!

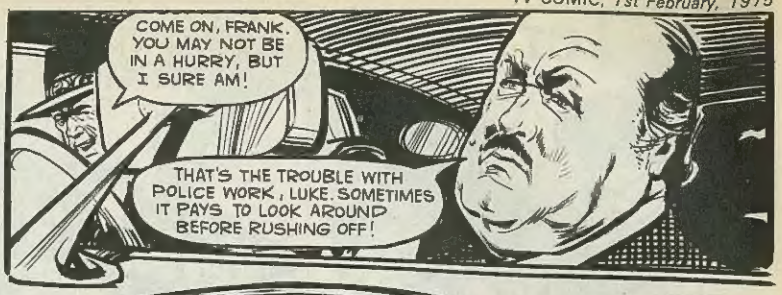
TV Terrors

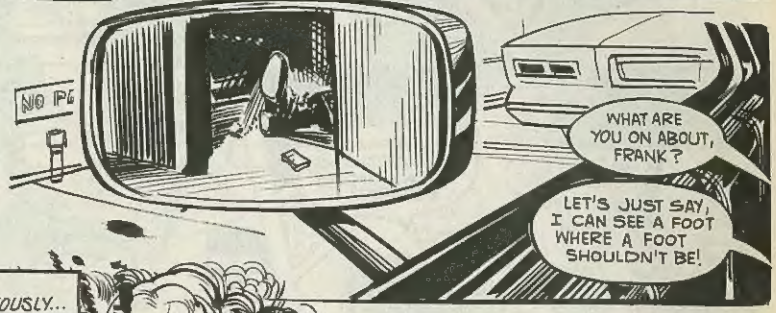
SORRY ABOUT LANDING HERE, TERRORS! BUT I COULDN'T CONTROL THE BALLOON AS IT WAS!
THE PERFECT LANDING! HO! HO!
WHAT THE...? OOMPH!
PLOMP!

It's curtains for Hoppit soon!

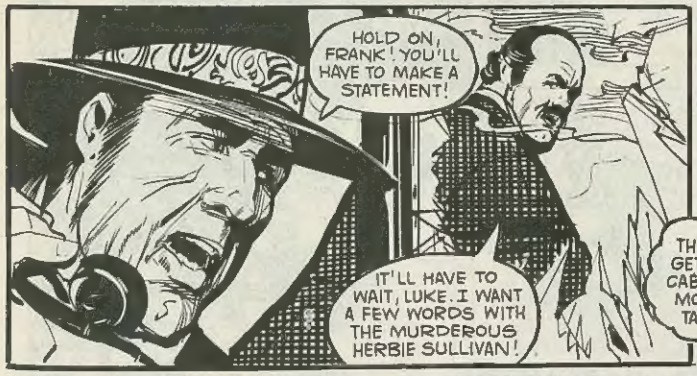
CANNON

NO longer officially investigating Daze E. Ternal's attempted rocket-cycle leap over the Sleepy River Canyon, Cannon has refused to drop the case. When he learns that Herbie Sullivan, Ternal's big brother and chief mechanic, has massive gambling debts he is doubly sure of sabotage to Ternal's forthcoming stunt. What Cannon doesn't know, is that his car has been booby-trapped . . .


COME ON, FRANK. YOU MAY NOT BE IN A HURRY, BUT I SURE AM!
THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH POLICE WORK, LUKE. SOMETIMES IT PAYS TO LOOK AROUND BEFORE RUSHING OFF!



ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY...
THIS IS SERGEANT PROVIS, CITY POLICE. WE HAVE AN EXPLOSION AT PARADISE BUILDING...
WELL, SOMEONE WANTS ME DEAD, ALL RIGHT, THAT MEANS THEY WANT TERNAL ON THE BOTTOM OF THAT CANYON, TOO!



CANNON WASTES NO TIME IN HIRING A NEW CAR AND WHEN HE FINALLY LOCATES SULLIVAN'S APARTMENT BLOCK...
THAT'S SULLIVAN GETTING INTO THAT CAB. I MIGHT LEARN MORE BY JUST TAILING HIM.

BEFORE LONG...
GUS KRASNER'S PLACE. THAT ANSWERS A LOT, BUT I HAVE TO ACTUALLY SEE SULLIVAN WITH KRASNER TO MAKE IT STICK!
GOLDEN N
NIGHT CLU

USING THE CASINO'S FIRE ESCAPE, CANNON FINDS THE EVIDENCE HE NEEDS...
SO I WAS RIGHT. SULLIVAN OWES KRASNER— KRASNER SETS UP BROTHER TERNAL FOR THE BIG PAY-OFF! I'D BETTER GET OUTTA HERE!
BUT THEN A TELEPHONE RINGS IN KRASNER'S OFFICE...
WE GOTTA SNOOPER ON THE ROOF, BOSS!
THAT SO? WELL YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, JOHNNIE!

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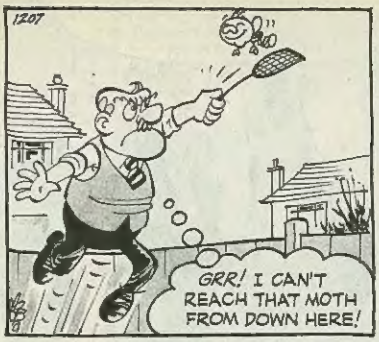
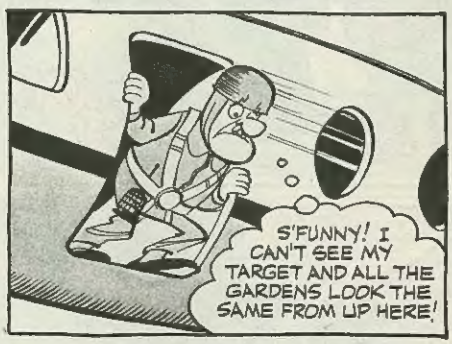
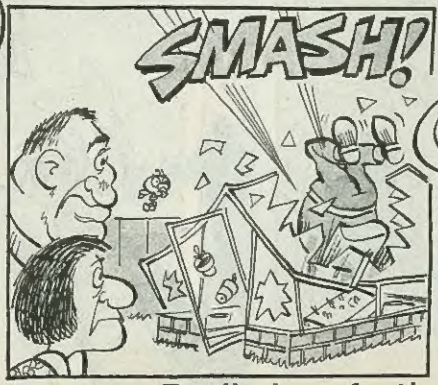
Cannon takes a crash-course soon!

MIGHTY MOTH







Dad's in a froth with our moth again soon.

BARNEY BEAR
JUST WATCH, BARNEY–I'LL PROVE TO YOU HOW INTELLIGENT MY DOG ROVER IS!
SIT.
LAY.
I DON'T CALL THAT CLEVER–I CALL IT STUPID!
SEE!
IF ROVER WAS REALLY CLEVER, HE'D REFUSE TO LAY DOWN ON THAT HARD, FROSTY GROUND.
IF HE WAS REALLY CLEVER HE'D SHOP FOR HIS FOOD LIKE WE DO, INSTEAD OF WAITING FOR YOU TO THROW HIM A BONE.
HE'S EVEN STUPID ENOUGH TO TRY AND DIG A HOLE IN THE HARD GROUND TO BURY HIS BONE! IF WE WANT TO KEEP FOOD, WE POP IT IN THE FRIDGE!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BARNEY!
I AM RIGHT, MOOSE! WE'RE A HIGHER SPECIES OF ANIMAL! YOUR DOG IS JUST PLAIN STUPID!
LATER...
BRRUD-DUD-DUD-DUD
IT'S ONLY ROVER DIGGING A HOLE FOR HIS BONE! MAYBE HE'S NOT AS DUMB AS YOU THINK!
BRURR!
ON HIRE

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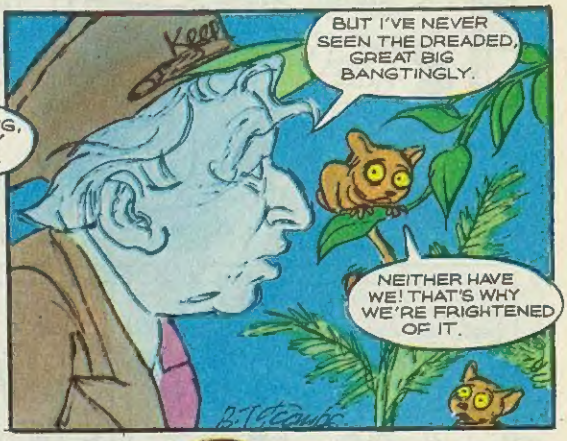
Tiger troubles with Barney soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW, BUSH BABIES, IT'S GETTING DARK.
WHAT'S GETTING DARK?
IT IS. IT GETS DARK EVERY DAY.
YOU MEAN IT GETS DARK EVERY NIGHT!

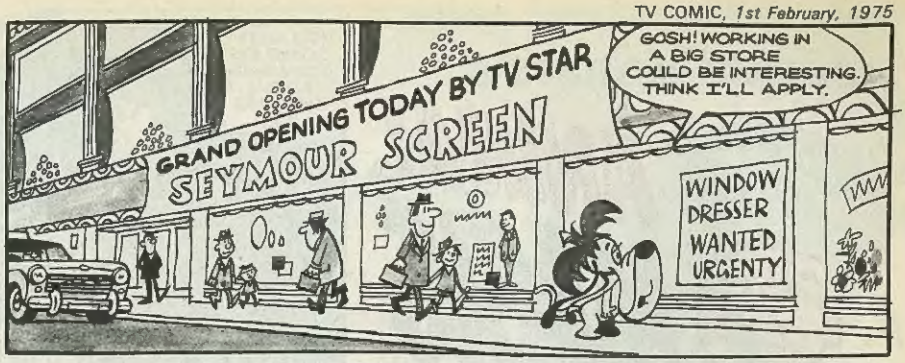
YOU NEED NOT LOOK SO FRIGHTENED.
WELL, WE HAVE EVERY REASON TO BE FRIGHTENED.
YES, WE ARE VERY FRIGHTENED OF IT.
OH, YES, WE DON'T LIKE IT.

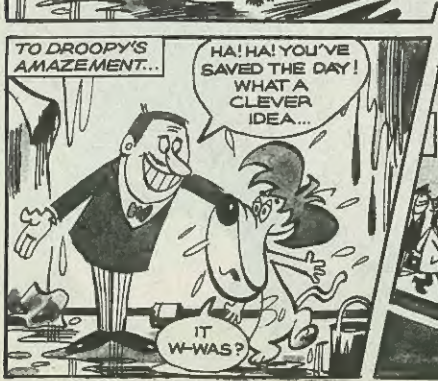


YOU KNOW, YOU BUSH BABIES ARE SUCH BABIES— SO WHY DO YOU COME OUT AT NIGHT?
WELL, WE DAREN'T COME IN THE DAY.
OH, NO, WE MIGHT SEE IT. THE DREADED GREAT BIG BANGTINGLY.

More animal antics next week!

DROOPY


GRAND OPENING TODAY BY TV STAR
SEYMOUR SCREEN
GOSH! WORKING IN A BIG STORE COULD BE INTERESTING. THINK I'LL APPLY.
WINDOW DRESSER WANTED URGENTY



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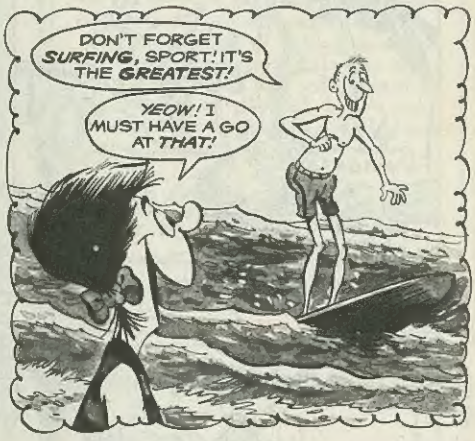
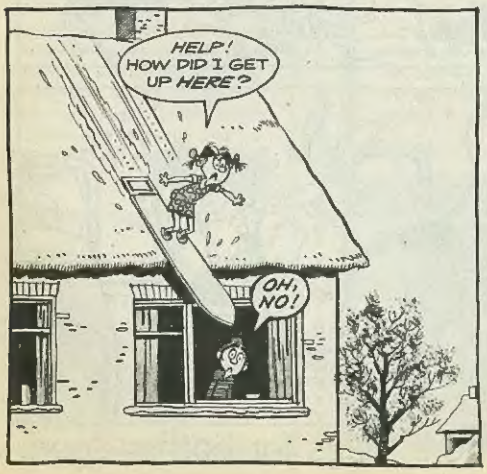
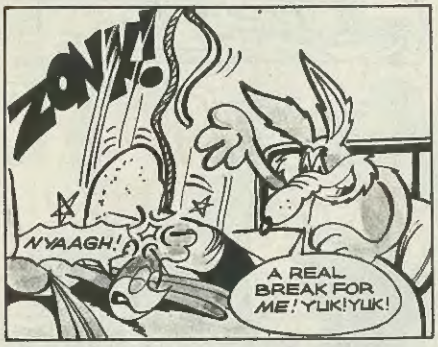
Next week: an underwater washout!

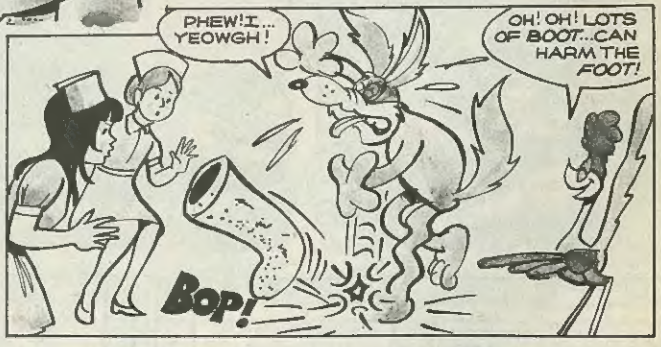
Nelly Telly AND HER





BEEP BEEP The Road Runner





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Wile E. begs for bother soon.

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page and £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

This is a photograph of me. My name is Sarah Young. I think that TV Comic is fantastic. I get TV Comic each Saturday, not Mondays. Every week, my brother and I rush to get our comics. My brother gets Playland. When I have finished with my comics I give them to my friend, Mark Charlton. My favourite characters are Mighty Moth, Droopy and Pink Panther.

Redcar, Teesside.

Well, thank you for the compliment, Sarah — and aren't you kind to think of your friend Mark.

Dear Editor

My name is Valerie Akehurst. I am 11 and a half years old My hobbies are horse riding and golf. I have won four rosettes in my last four horse-shows. Also I have a cat called Cindy who is eight years old. She sits on the floor and meows to be let outdoors. I also have a guinea pig called Peanut. My favourite characters are Pink Panther and Basil Brush

Redhill, Surrey.

I can see it won't be long before you are playing polo. It is, after all, like playing golf on horseback. Hope you don't mind me teasing you. When will I see you performing at "The Horse of the Year Show"? Not very long to wait now, I'd say!

STAR LETTER

I am writing to tell you how Tom and Jerry helped me get my entertainer's badge at Cubs. I made a puppet theatre with cardboard and painted it. Then I used the Tom and Jerry glove puppets out of cereal packets, as the stars of my show. It was so successful that I had to do another show for the Thursday pack and I won my badge. Since then, I have given lots of shows to my friends. My favourite features are Tom and Jerry and Dr Who.

Andrew Sewell, South Godstone, Surrey.

Well done, Andrew, you must have put a lot of effort into your show. Hope you like the poem.

Andrew Sewell, a Wolf Cub he,
Thought a showman he would be.
From cardboard, paint and tube of glue,
A super puppet theatre grew.
His stars, a Tom and Jerry treat,
He found inside his shredded wheat.
And now he gives his friends free fun,
With all the planning he has done.
Andrew Sewell, a showman now,
Has won his badge for shows that WOW!

My name is Jill Smith and I am ten years old. I am writing to tell you about all our pets. We have a donkey called Lucy, two dogs called Rhubarb and Custard, two cats called Bootsie and Snudge, a rabbit called Romeo and a guinea pig called Juliet. We also have a number of mice and hamsters named after people in your comic. The mice are Tom, Jerry, Pink Panther, Basil Brush and Popeye. The hamsters are Road Runner, Tarzan and one that isn't in your comic, called Hercules. I read TV Comic every week and my favourite stories are Tom and Jerry, Pink Panther and Animal Magic.

St Peter, Bucks.

Hadn't you better rename Hercules? Won't he feel the odd one out? Still, it's very flattering to know we inspired so many names. Aren't you lucky to have a donkey?

Dear Editor

When my Mum and Dad and I were going into Blairgowrie a small hedgehog was crossing the road, so my Dad stopped the car and lifted it up and put it in the back of the car. When we got home, I gave it some bread and milk which it was not very keen on at first but now it takes its food quite well. It has become very tame. One day it disappeared from its box and I looked all over the place for it. At last I found it in the toe of my Dad's boot and the next day it was inside my fur-lined boot in the cupboard.

Elizabeth Grassick, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

It sounds as if you found a prickly problem. In hedgehog terms, it must be like finding a four-star hotel for the winter.

Dear Editor

My smallest brother, named Paul, is only four years old He is mad on tools. One day, we took him up to our Uncle's house; the first thing Paul went to was his tools. Uncle's toolbox was locked but, somehow, Paul opened it and was playing with the tools. Paul has a toolbag of his own, and he took the screws of our chairs out and my Dad had to put them back.

Eileen Harrison, Girtington, Bradford.

I think your Dad ought to take out a new insurance policy before the house falls down!

Dear Editor

I am nine years old and my name is Carol James. My hobbies are swimming, crocheting, knitting and taking dogs out for walks. My favourite stories are Tom and Jerry, Mighty Moth, Pink Panther, Basil Brush and Roobarb. I have been reading TV Comic for about three years.

North Hykeham, Lincoln.

I bet you wouldn't be so fond of taking dogs out for walks if they were all as nutty as Roobarb!

BASIL BRUSH

I SEE SOME OF THE GIRLS FROM MISS GRIMTHORPE'S SCHOOL ARE PLAYIN' IN OUR GARDEN, GUV!

OH, WELL, AS LONG AS THEY'RE ENJOYING THEMSELVES!

WE HOPE YOU DON'T MIND US PLAYING HERE, BASIL? IF WE USE THE SCHOOL GROUNDS MISS GRIMTHORPE HAS HER BEADY EYES ON US!

NOT AT ALL! YOU CAN...

GIRLS!

HOW DARE YOU LEAVE THE SCHOOL GROUNDS! GO TO MY STUDY AT ONCE!

DON'T BE HARD ON THE GIRLS, MISS GRIMTHORPE, THEY ARE...

SILENCE!

THESE GROUNDS ARE OUT OF BOUNDS! I DEMAND YOUR BUTLER PUTS UP A NOTICE IMMEDIATELY!

ER... YES, MISS!

SO...

PRIVIT NO GIRLS FROM GRIMTHORPE SKOOL ALOWED

MY GOODNESS! YOUR BUTLER CAN'T SPELL!

WELL, I WAS ALL OF A FLUSTER, SEE. AND...

QUIET, MAN! I SHALL BE HERE IN THE MORNING TO GIVE YOU SOME SPELLING TESTS!

WHAT AM I GOIN' TO DO, GUV?

OH, LET HER GIVE YOU A FEW LESSONS— IT WON'T DO YOU ANY HARM TO IMPROVE YOUR SPELLING.

PRIVIT NO GIRLS FROM GRIMTHORPE SKOOL ALOWED

NEXT MORNING... YOUR WORK IS A DISGRACE, MR CHUMLEY! I WILL SET YOU SOME HOMEWORK. HAVE IT FINISHED WHEN I COME TOMORROW!

OH, CRUMBS!

I WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANY 'OUSEWORK, GUV! I 'AS TOO MUCH 'OMEWORK!

IT LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO BE BUSY!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

YOU'RE NOT PAYING ATTENTION, MR CHUMLEY!

LEAN BEAN MEAN

ONE OF THE GIRLS HAS TOLD ME THAT TOUGH, OLD MISS GRIMTHORPE HAS ONE SMALL CHINK IN HER ARMOUR!

EXCUSE ME, MISS GRIMTHORPE, HOW DO YOU SPELL 'MICE'?

M-I-C-E! WHY?

I WANT TO WRITE A NOTICE TELLING THEM TO KEEP OUT!

YEEEK!

I 'AVE A FEELIN' SHE WON'T BE BACK IN A 'URRY, GUV!

NEXT DAY... MISS GRIMTHORPE'S RESTING FOR A FEW DAYS AND THE ASSISTANT HEAD SAID WE CAN PLAY HERE, WITH YOUR PERMISSION, BASIL!

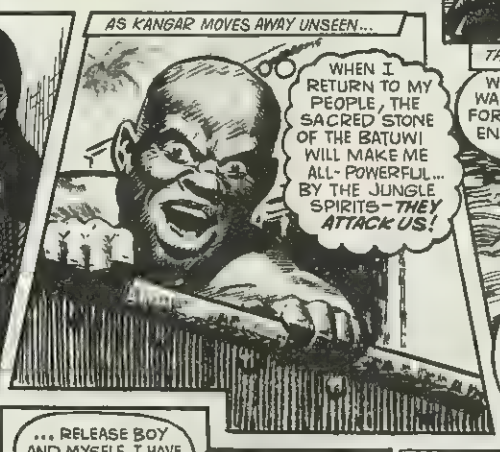
BE OUR GUESTS, GIRLS!

Brush along with Basil again soon.

TARZAN

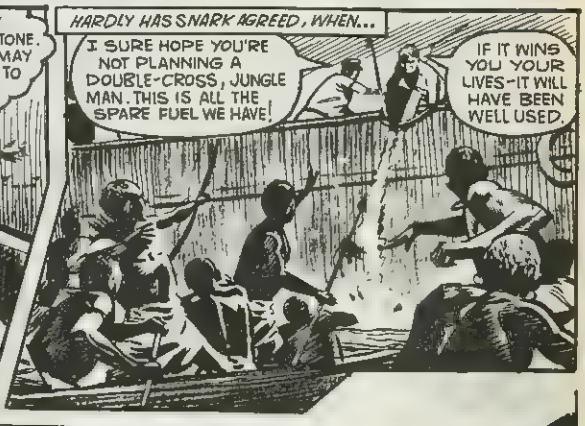
ABOARD an old tramp steamer, the lives of Boy and Tarzan hang in the balance as skipper Freddy Snark and his partner, Ferret, believe the Jungle Lord has taken an object referred to as the "Sun-Stone". But, unbeknown to them all, Kangar — Snark's huge native servant — is responsible for the disappearance. However, the stone really belongs to the Batuwi, who now prepare to get it back . . .

MEANWHILE...
I'M GIVING YOU TEN SECONDS TO LET ON WHERE THE STONE IS, APE MAN!
WHEN THE JUNGLE LORD IS DEAD, THE FOOL SNARK WILL SEARCH THE BOAT. IT IS TIME FOR ME TO SLIP AWAY!


AS KANGAR MOVES AWAY UNSEEN...
WHEN I RETURN TO MY PEOPLE, THE SACRED STONE OF THE BATUWI WILL MAKE ME ALL-POWERFUL... BY THE JUNGLE SPIRITS—THEY ATTACK US!

THAT MOMENT...
WE ARE SEEN, O WARRIORS! THE TIME FOR SILENCE HAS ENDED! WE MUST FIGHT!
THEY ARE TOO CLOSE FOR ME TO SWIM CLEAR! I MUST ACT SWIFTLY TO AVOID SUSPICION!

... RELEASE BOY AND MYSELF. I HAVE A WAY TO STOP THEM!
I SEE NOW THEY HUNT THE SUN-STONE. WHILE I LIVE, I MAY YET RETURN IT TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS.


HARDLY HAS SNARK AGREED, WHEN...
I SURE HOPE YOU'RE NOT PLANNING A DOUBLE-CROSS, JUNGLE MAN. THIS IS ALL THE SPARE FUEL WE HAVE!
IF IT WINS YOU YOUR LIVES—IT WILL HAVE BEEN WELL USED.

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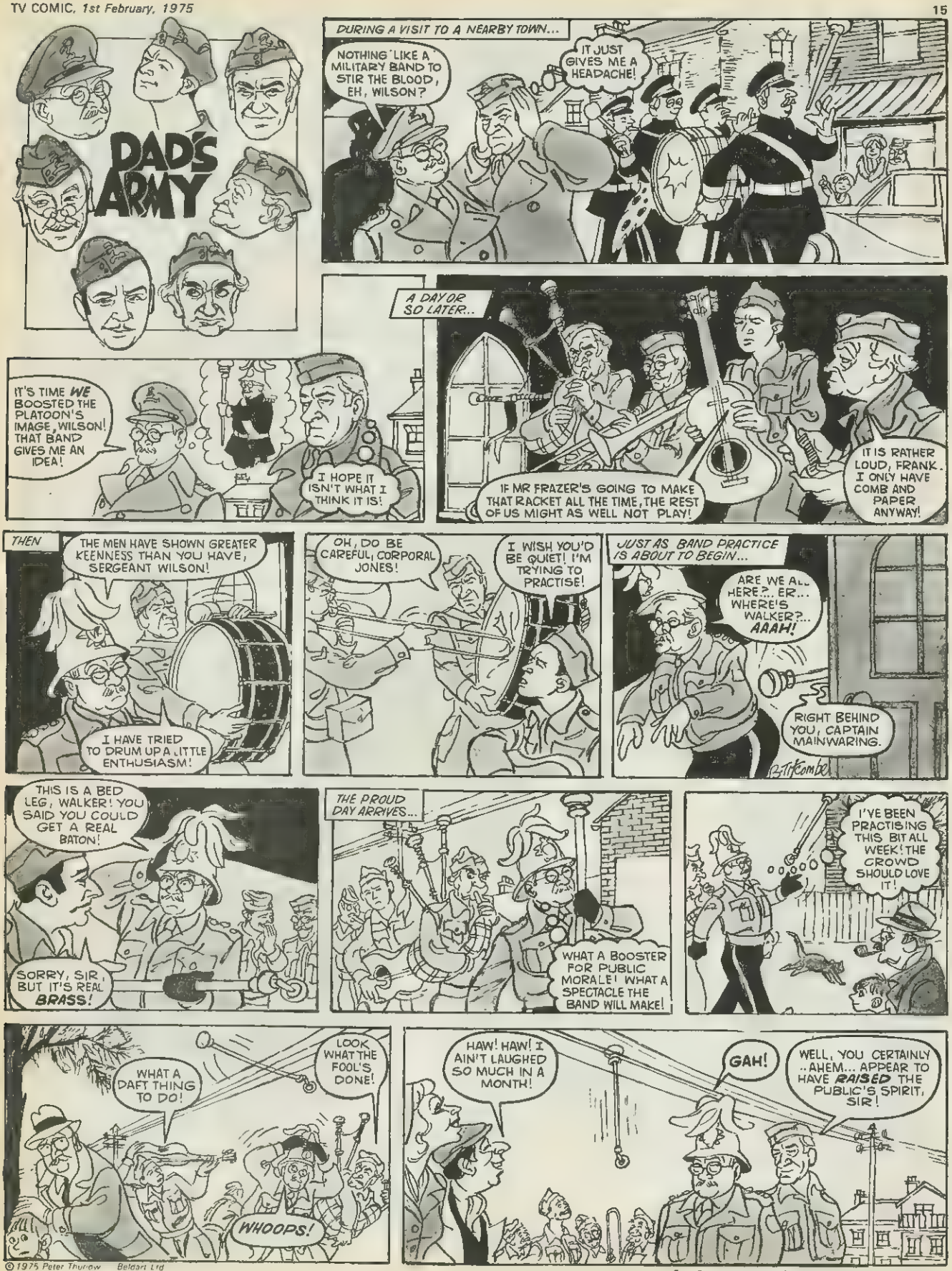
An unexpected attack next week!


DAD'S ARMY
DURING A VISIT TO A NEARBY TOWN...
NOTHING LIKE A MILITARY BAND TO STIR THE BLOOD, EH, WILSON?
IT JUST GIVES ME A HEADACHE!
A DAY OR SO LATER..
IT'S TIME WE BOOSTED THE PLATOON'S IMAGE, WILSON! THAT BAND GIVES ME AN IDEA!
I HOPE IT ISN'T WHAT I THINK IT IS!
IF MR FRAZER'S GOING TO MAKE THAT RACKET ALL THE TIME, THE REST OF US MIGHT AS WELL NOT PLAY!
IT IS RATHER LOUD, FRANK. I ONLY HAVE COMB AND PAPER ANYWAY!
THEN
THE MEN HAVE SHOWN GREATER KEENNESS THAN YOU HAVE, SERGEANT WILSON!
I HAVE TRIED TO DRUM UP A LITTLE ENTHUSIASM!
OH, DO BE CAREFUL, CORPORAL JONES!
I WISH YOU'D BE QUIET! I'M TRYING TO PRACTISE!
JUST AS BAND PRACTICE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...
ARE WE ALL HERE?.. ER... WHERE'S WALKER?... AAAH!
RIGHT BEHIND YOU, CAPTAIN MAINWARING.
THIS IS A BED LEG, WALKER! YOU SAID YOU COULD GET A REAL BATON!
SORRY, SIR, BUT IT'S REAL BRASS!
THE PROUD DAY ARRIVES...
WHAT A BOOSTER FOR PUBLIC MORALE! WHAT A SPECTACLE THE BAND WILL MAKE!
I'VE BEEN PRACTISING THIS BIT ALL WEEK! THE CROWD SHOULD LOVE IT!
WHAT A DAFT THING TO DO!
LOOK WHAT THE FOOL'S DONE!
WHOOPS!
HAW! HAW! I AIN'T LAUGHED SO MUCH IN A MONTH!
GAH!
WELL, YOU CERTAINLY ..AHEM... APPEAR TO HAVE RAISED THE PUBLIC'S SPIRIT, SIR!

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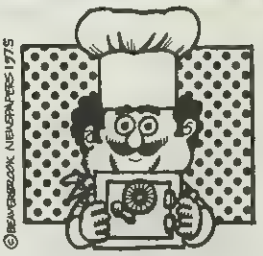
A forage for food soon!

it's a record

From the Guinness Book of Records compiled by Norris and Ross McWhirter

THE LARGEST RECORDED DOWRY WAS THAT OF ELENA PATINO, DAUGHTER OF THE BOLIVIAN TIN MILLIONAIRE, WHO IN 1929 WAS BESTOWED £8,000,000— NOW WORTH AT LEAST FIVE TIMES THAT.



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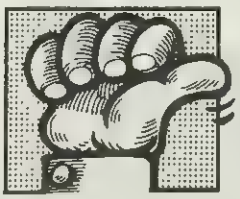
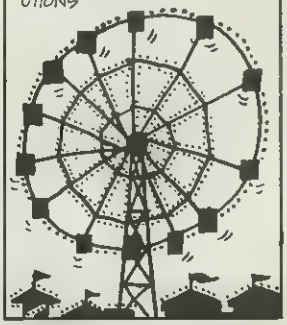
THE MOST EXPENSIVE FOOD IS WHITE TRUFFLE OF ALBA WHICH HAS FETCHED £35 PER LB.

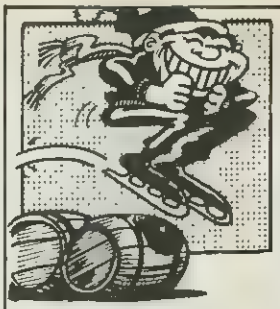


THE LONGEST RECORDED HITCH-HIKE IS ONE OF 18,500 MILES THROUGH 14 COUNTRIES FROM SINGAPORE TO LONDON BY DAVID KWAN. IT TOOK 81 WEEKS AND AVERAGED 32 MILES A DAY.

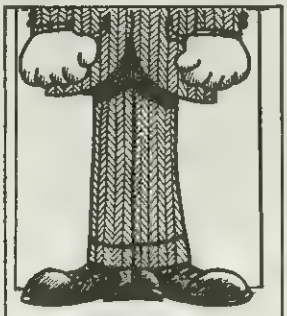
THE GREATEST BUCKING BRONCO OF ALL TIME WAS MIDNIGHT. IN SEVEN YEARS, 1923–30, IT WAS RIDDEN ONLY FOUR TIMES.

THE ENDURANCE RECORD FOR RIDING A BIG WHEEL IS 14 DAYS 21 HOURS BY DAVID TRUMAYNE, OF RAMSGATE, ENGLAND. HE COMPLETED 62,207 REVOLUTIONS





THE GREATEST NUMBER OF BARRELS JUMPED BY A SKATER IS 17 (TOTAL LENGTH 28 FEET 8 INCHES) BY KENNETH LEBEL IN NEW YORK, 9TH JANUARY, 1965



AMERICAN MILLS DARDEN STOOD 7FT. 6INS, WEIGHED 72st. 12lbs. AND IT WAS SAID HE COULD BE HEARD 6 MILES AWAY WHEN HE SHOUTED AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE.

GAVIN JURY OF RICHMOND, NEW ZEALAND, BOUNCED UP AND DOWN ON A TRAMPOLINE FOR 44 HOURS 25 MINUTES (WITH FIVE MINUTE BREAKS PER HOUR PERMISSIBLE).

44 ANIMAL AND BIRD STAMPS

FREE!

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THE STAMP CLUB
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The BUGS BUNNY Show
'MUNCHING MANNERS!'
CHOMP! CHOMP!
THERE'S THE CULPRIT! I THOUGHT SO...
MUST YOU MAKE SUCH A NOISE WHEN YOU'RE EATING, RABBIT?
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING A CARROT QUIETLY, MY PIRATE FRIEND?
NEVER EAT 'EM, RABBIT!
THEN TRY ONE NOW, PIRATE!
YE SILLY SWAB! IT'S YOU I WANT TO HEAR EAT QUIETLY!
SO LET'S HEAR YE, YE LONG-EARED LANDLUBBER!
THAT'S MUCH BETTER, RABBIT!
PESKY PIRATE! IT'LL TAKE ME MONTHS TO EAT A CARROT BY SUCKING IT!
SUCK!
SUCK!
I'M AFRAID ONE MUST CHOMP CARROTS, SIR!
SHIVER ME TIMBERS! THE SWAB'S AT IT AGAIN!
CHOMP! CHOMP!
STOP, YE BILGE-RAT!
GULP!
YOU ARE GOING TO STOP THAT CHOMPING, RABBIT, AREN'T YOU?
Y-YES, SIR! THIS VERY MINUTE, SIR! GULP!
AND YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO, RABBIT... DON'T YOU?
ALL TOO C-CLEARLY, SIR! GULP!
SHPLUTTER! WHAT'S THAT BUNNY DOING?
BUGSY MUST HAVE TAKEN A DAFT TURN! GASP!
SUCK!
SUCK!
HE MWUST THWINK THAT CWARROT'S A LOLLIPWOP!
THAT'S BETTER, SWAB! HO-HO!

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Cannonball crackers with Daffy soon.

POPEYE
SPINACH
POPEYE CAN CERTAINLY DRIVE A BALL!
SMASH!
860 YARDS AWAY, JUST BEYOND THE GOLF COURSE...
A SAILOR NEEDS A GOOD BREAKFAST BEFORE HE PUTS TO SEA!
CRASH!
I CAN GUESS WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT! I'M GONNA HAVE A WORD WITH THE GOLF CLUB SECRETARY!
SO...
EXCUSE ME, POPEYE, I'M AFRAID I MUST ASK YOU TO GIVE UP YOUR MEMBERSHIP OF THE GOLF CLUB!
WHY?
MR BRUTUS INSISTS! HE'S ALWAYS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE DAMAGE YOU CAUSE!
OKAY, CHARLIE! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT!
HAW! HAW! I GOT THAT NO GOOD SAILOR DRUMMED OUTTA THE GOLF CLUB
NOW I CAN GO FISHIN' IN MY BOAT KNOWING MY HOUSE IS SAFE!
LUCKY THERE'S ANOTHER GOLF CLUB IN THE DISTRICT!
SEASIDE GOLF CLUB
OF COURSE WE'D BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU AS A MEMBER, POPEYE. WE HEAR YOU'VE CAUSED SOME DAMAGE AROUND THE OTHER CLUBS WITH YOUR SMASHING DRIVES
BUT YOU CAN PRACTISE YOUR DRIVING QUITE SAFELY HERE BECAUSE WE FACE THE SEA!
TWO MILES OUT TO SEA...
I FORGOT ABOUT THE SEASIDE COURSE! THIS IS WORSE THAN STAYING AT HOME!

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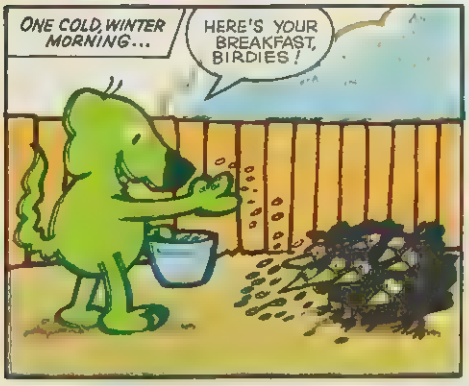
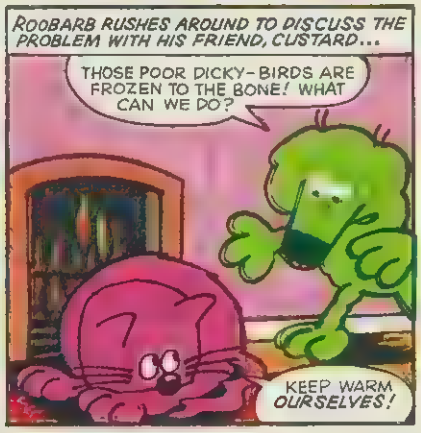
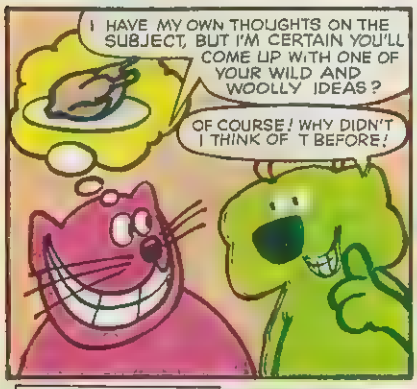
A heavy hand when Swee'pea joins a band!

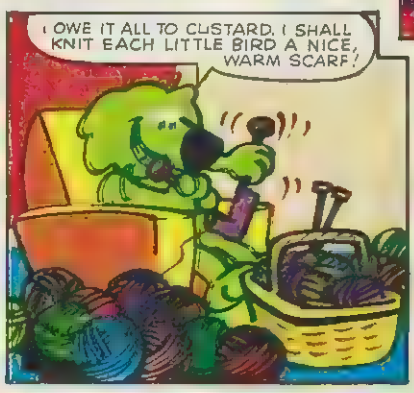
THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST DOG-and CUSTARD the CAT

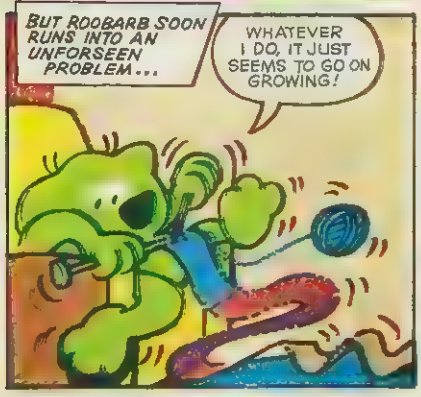
Roobarb

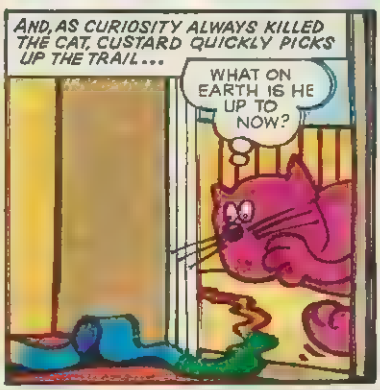


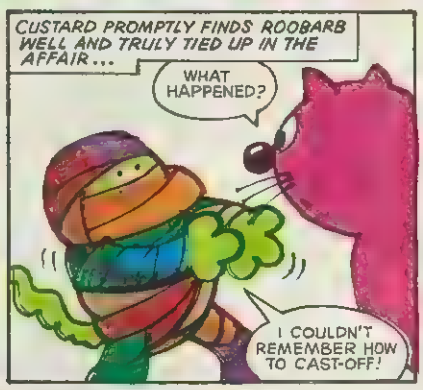

ROOBARB RUSHES AROUND TO DISCUSS THE PROBLEM WITH HIS FRIEND, CUSTARD...
THOSE POOR DICKY-BIRDS ARE FROZEN TO THE BONE! WHAT CAN WE DO?
KEEP WARM OURSELVES!

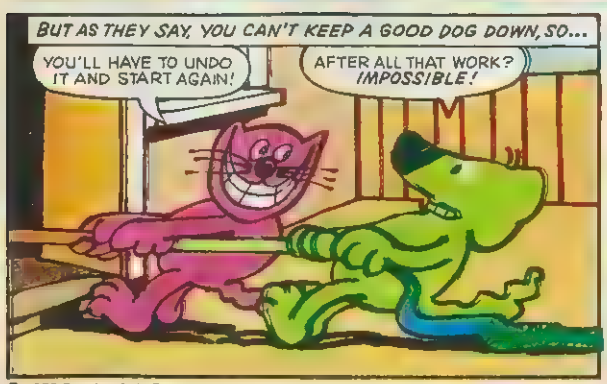

I HAVE MY OWN THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT, BUT I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL COME UP WITH ONE OF YOUR WILD AND WOOLLY IDEAS?
OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF T BEFORE!

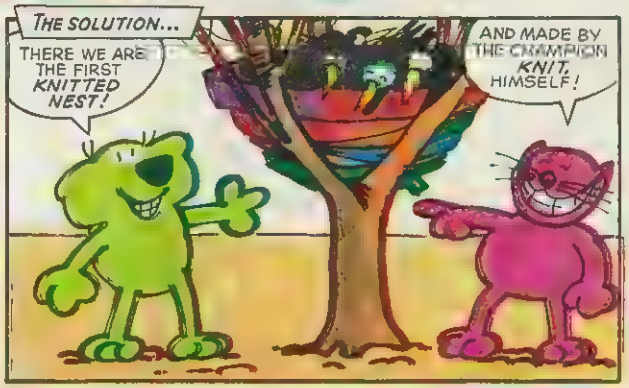












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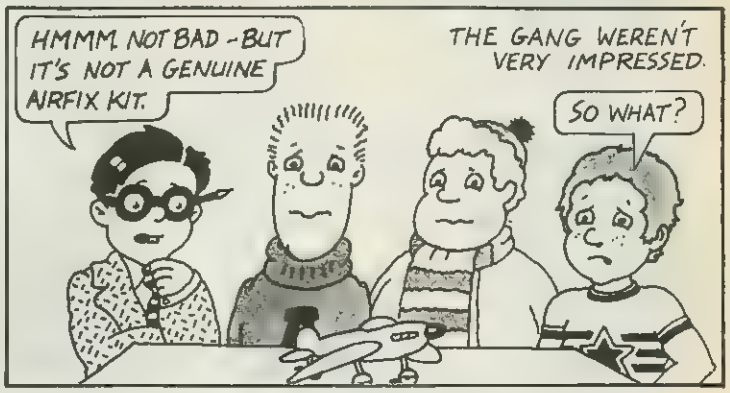
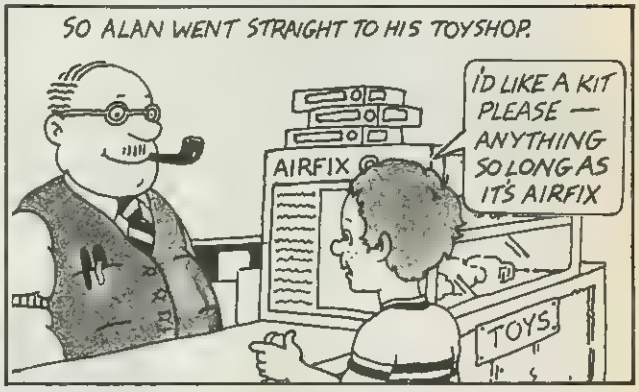
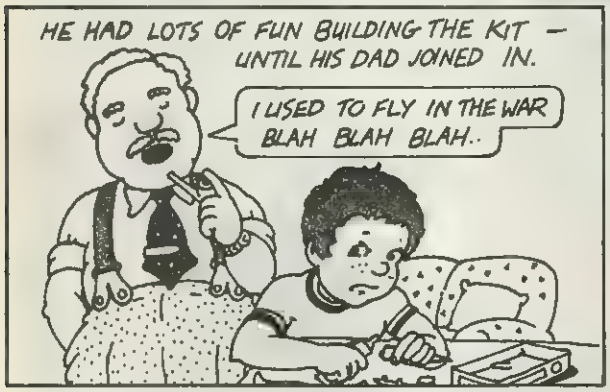
An ark lark with our daft dog soon

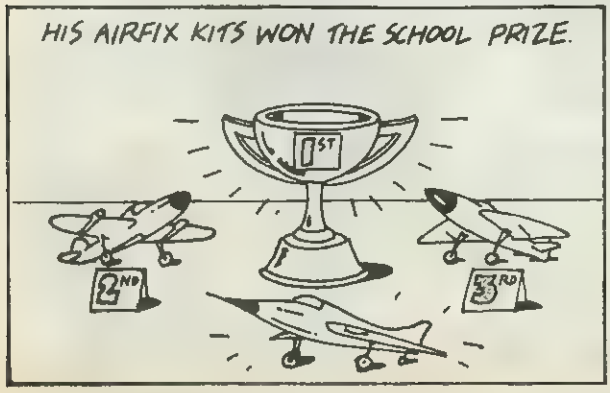
THE AIRFIX GANG

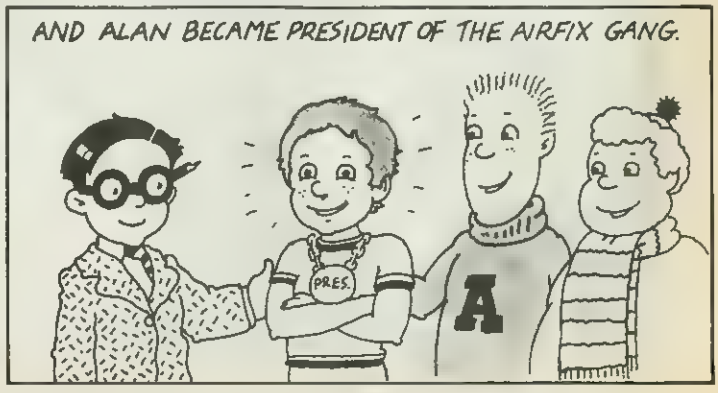






BUT THE GANG THOUGHT IT WAS GREAT
HOW ABOUT THAT?
GREAT
SMASHING ALAN.
REALLY IMPRESSIVE MODELLING
SO ALAN BECAME A MEMBER OF THE AIRFIX GANG





Making construction kits is fun and rewarding. But to get the best out of modelling, always buy Airfix kits. For accuracy, better reproduction and more realistic moving parts.

Laurel & Hardy

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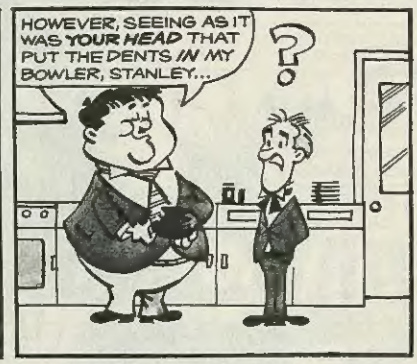
STEAM WILL TAKE OUT THE DENTS, STANLEY!
OLLIE'S BEEN BANGING ME WITH HIS BOWLER FOR SO LONG THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW HE'S DOING IT!
MUST KEEP MY DISTANCE. STEAM CAN SCALD!



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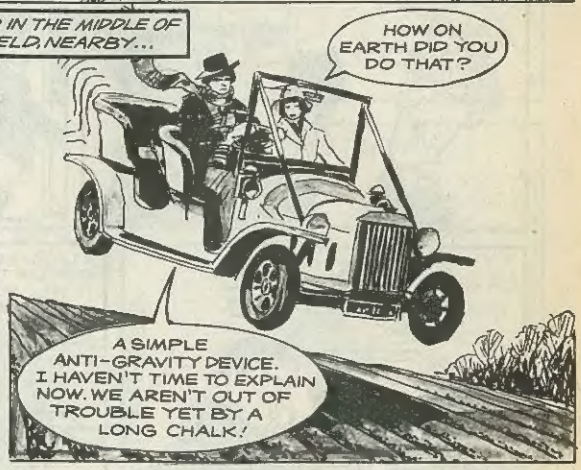
Dr WHO in 'DEATH FLOWER!'

THE Doctor and Sarah-Jane have gone to Suffingham — an isolated, Wiltshire village — in search of information concerning the giant Vegpro plant. They visit Frank Lampard, an ex-worker at Vegpro who has gone into a permanent trance, following a mysterious accident. The Doctor then realises that it is time to return to London and make his report to the minister. But the Vegpro managers have other ideas . .


AND IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD, NEARBY...
HOW ON EARTH DID YOU DO THAT?
A SIMPLE ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE. I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW. WE AREN'T OUT OF TROUBLE YET BY A LONG CHALK!

THE HEAVY, WET SOIL MAKES FOR DIFFICULT GOING...
DON'T BE SUCH A BULLY, DOCTOR! I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN!
PERHAPS YOU'D PREFER TO WAIT FOR THE COMPANY THAT NOW APPEARS TO BE SHARING THIS FIELD WITH US? COME ON!

WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET BACK TO LONDON?
AT THE VEGPRO PLANT, SOME TIME LATER...
WHAT D'YOU MEAN, THEY ESCAPED?
WELL, YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME, MR SILLETT, BUT IT'S AS TRUE AS I STAND 'ERE!
WE'RE NOT, SARAH-JANE. I THINK THE LAST PLACE THEY EXPECT US TO GO IS THE VEGPRO PLANT—AND I WANT TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THOSE SARRICOIDS!

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THE INFORMATION IS SOON CONVEYED TO THE FOUNDER OF VEGPRO–PROFESSOR SARRIC...
SO WE SEEM TO BE FACING NO ORDINARY ENEMY, SILLETT. HE MUST BE TRACKED DOWN AT ALL COSTS!
THE MEN ARE COMBING THOSE WOODS THOROUGHLY, BUT UP TO NOW THE PAIR OF THEM HAVE SIMPLY VANISHED!
I AM GOING TO ACCELERATE MATTERS, SILLETT. I SHALL ACTIVATE LAMPARD–JUST IN CASE!
A SECRET SWITCH IS THROWN, AND...
YOU THINK THIS DOCTOR FELLOW IS GOING TO GIVE US REAL TROUBLE, SIR?
HE MIGHT. AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH REASON TO BRING THINGS FORWARD. WORK OUT THE SIGNAL BEARING AT ONCE.
NOT LONG AFTER, IN THE DISTANT LAMPARD COTTAGE...
FRANK! WHAT IS IT?
AND...
FRANK! COME BACK! YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH O' COLD!
WHILST, BY THE PERIMETER FENCE OF THE VEGPRO PLANT...
I'M ABSOLUTELY FROZEN. I SUPPOSE YOUR ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICE WON'T LIFT US OVER THAT FENCE, DOCTOR?
I'M AFRAID NOT, SARAH-JANE. WE'LL HAVE TO RELY ON SOMETHING MORE CONVENTIONAL THIS TIME.
BUT AS SARAH-JANE MOVES FARTHER ALONG THE BRANCH THAN THE DOCTOR...
OOH!
SHORTLY...
PERSONALLY, I THINK WE'RE MORE LIKELY TO BREAK OUR NECKS!
KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! AND BE CAREFUL NOT TO TOUCH THAT FENCE. I HAVE A NASTY SUSPICION IT'S ELECTRIFIED!
SOON...
OH, WELL, IT'S BACK TO THE MONKEYS. HERE GOES!

Will Sarah-Jane survive? See next week!

PINK PANTHER
I CAN'T STAND MODERN ART!
I PREFER TO COPY THE OLD MASTERS!
THE TROUBLE IS NOBODY BOTHERS TO LOOK AT THEM!
SCREECH!
OKAY! I GOT THE DOUGH! LET'S MAKE OUR GETAWAY!
LATER... I SAW THAT BANK ROBBERY! A MAN GRABBED THE MONEY, AND A WOMAN DROVE THE GETAWAY CAR!
COULD YOU GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF THEM?
I HAVE A BETTER IDEA. I'M AN ARTIST— I'LL PAINT THEM FOR YOU!
FIRST I'LL PAINT THE MAN!
THAT'S FINISHED! NOW I'LL PAINT THE WOMAN WHO DROVE THE CAR!
NOW THEY'RE DRY, I'LL TAKE THEM TO THE POLICE STATION!
HERE ARE MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE TWO ROBBERS, OFFICER!
THANKS, WE'LL HAVE THEM PRINTED RIGHT AWAY!
POLICE
WANTED
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN AND WOMAN?
I AGREE THEY DON'T LOOK MUCH LIKE THE CRIMINALS, BUT AT LEAST MY WORK IS REACHING A WIDER PUBLIC!

©Minsch — Geoffrey — D.F 1975

A horse takes P.P. for a ride soon!